

The Mirror

OF

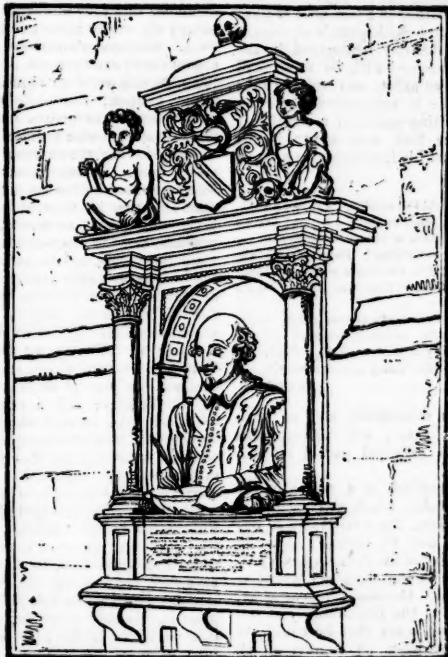
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 251.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1827.

[PRICE 2d.]

Shakspeare's Tomb, Stratford-on-Avon.



THE neat little town of Stratford-on-Avon will be celebrated for all time. It is poetic ground. Here the "sweetest bard that ever sung" drew his first breath; here stands, to the present day, the house of his nativity; and in the church, there is the monument to his immortal memory, a correct representation of which is placed above. Mr. Pratt has justly observed that an excursion to this favoured haunt of the muses stands in need of no recommendation to the attention, and even *homage*, of the traveller, who has but a ray of intellect in his head, or a touch of admiration for genius in his heart. We entirely agree in the remark of this elegant writer; and are willing to believe both from the frequent visitations of tourists and travellers to

this attractive place, and from the recent honours done to the memory of the great bard, that such honourable observances are paid by those who, in heart and mind, truly revere all that is allied to rare and exalted genius.

In addition to what we have recorded in our former volumes, on introducing two engravings of objects of great interest, the church of Stratford,* and the house of Shakspeare,† we have only to add a few remarks in illustration of our present subject. Shakspeare died on the 23rd of April, 1616; on the 25th, his body was consigned to its native earth, under the north side of the chancel of the great church at Stratford. A flat stone, cover-

* Mirror, vol. viii. p. 419.

† *Ibid*, vol. i. p. 161.

ing all that is mortal of the remains of Shakspeare, conveys his benediction to the respecer, and his curse to the violator, of the peace of the grave. This inscription, with the Latin distich and the verses on a tablet underneath the tomb, is given in our notice of the church in our last volume, at the page previously referred to, marked as a foot-note. Within seven years after Shakspeare's decease a monument, the one represented in the engraving, executed with no mean skill by an unknown artist, was erected to his memory. He is represented under an arch in a sitting posture; a cushion is spread before him, with a pen in his right hand and his left resting on a scroll of paper.

Approach ! behold this marble. Know ye not
The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom ? Here then, round
His monument, with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other, " This was SHAKSPEARE'S
form,
Who walk'd in every path of human life,
Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield,
Which his own genius only could acquire."

AKENSIDE.

Below his monument, and on each side of his grave, are deposited his wife, and the principal part of his own family.

We now proceed to a notice of the *Stratford Jubilee*, which was celebrated on Monday last, the anniversary of our bard's natal and St. George's day. In our last number of the MIRROR, we promised to give an engraving in illustration of this festival. On consulting our artist, however, as to the practicability of our plan, we regret to say that he could not possibly accomplish an engraving, on the extensive scale we contemplated, in time for our publication. We have, therefore, no alternative but to lay before our readers an authentic and interesting account of the festive proceedings. Our illustrations preserved in former volumes, with the present one, may be pleasantly referred to on reading the subsequent remarks.

Stratford Jubilee.

In the year 1768, the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, assisted by the subscriptions of the neighbouring gentry, rebuilt their Town-hall ; soon after which the celebrated George Alexander Steevens

visited his friend, the late Mr. John Payton, the proprietor of the White Lion Inn, at Stratford, who having invited several of his acquaintances to spend the evening with his entertaining visitor, the conversation turned upon Shakspeare, the Mulberry Tree, and finally upon the newly-erected edifice, when regret was expressed that they possessed no statue to occupy the empty niche left in the north front. Shakspeare's occurred as the most appropriate ; and Steevens, delighted with the idea, suggested an application to his friend Garrick, then in the zenith of public favour, to give a benefit at his theatre, or otherwise promote a fund towards defraying the expense of the proposed statue of Shakspeare. This hint being approved by the company, Steevens observed, that as Garrick was fond of praise and profit, he would, if it were possible, turn the measure to his pecuniary advantage, at the same time that the intimation would gratify his vanity ; and under this conviction Steevens addressed him on the subject. Steevens's engagements taking him to Worcester in a day or two following, he there received Garrick's answer, which in no manner declined the general wish expressed by the application ; and a correspondence then took place between Garrick and the corporation, in which he acquitted himself with so much address, that the freedom of the borough being voted to him, it was conveyed in a box made of Shakspeare's mulberry tree, which highly flattered the well-known vanity of Garrick. Such were the incidents, however unpromising in their first appearance, to which this remarkable festival was indebted for its origin. Flattered by this judicious compliment, Garrick conceived the idea of celebrating the jubilee ; and his proposed plan being highly approved of by the corporation, he determined on its taking place the ensuing autumn. A magnificent octagonal amphitheatre, capable of holding one thousand persons, was erected upon the Bancroft, close to the Avon, somewhat resembling the Ranelagh rotunda ; within was an orchestra for one hundred performers. The first opening of the jubilee was announced by the discharge of thirty pieces of cannon, twelve cohorns, and some mortars (ranged upon the margin of the Avon), at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, September 6, 1769. The corporation met at eight o'clock, and having appointed Mr. Garrick steward, invested him with the insignia of his office—viz., a medallion (on which was carved a bust of Shakspeare, richly set in gold,) and a wand, made from the mulberry-tree. A public break-

fast then took place in the Town-hall, after which the company proceeded in regular order to the church, where the oratorio of *Judith*, under the direction of Dr. Arne, was performed; after which the company walked in procession to the amphitheatre, preceded by vocal and instrumental performers, where, at three o'clock, upwards of seven hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to an elegant dinner, at which Garrick presided as steward. In the evening, there was a brilliant assembly at the amphitheatre, and the whole town illuminated. A large transparency was displayed from the window of the room where Shakspeare was said to have been born. Fire-works were let off the whole night from a temporary building erected for that purpose. The second day's entertainments commenced with a public breakfast at the Town-hall, from whence the company adjourned to the amphitheatre, where the ode, on the dedication of the newly-erected hall to the memory of Shakspeare, was performed. A public dinner was given at three o'clock, and the town, at night, again illuminated; with five additional transparencies for the five front windows in Shakspeare's Hall. His bust in the chancel was adorned with festoons of laurel, bays, &c.; and at the head of his gravestone were garlands of flowers and evergreens. The masquerade at the amphitheatre was attended by upwards of one thousand persons, some of whom paid the enormous sums of fifteen and twenty guineas for a very so-so Spanish dress; so great was the demand, and short the supply. On Friday the weather continued so unfavourable, that the pageant, representing Shakspeare's principal characters from his plays, which it was intended should walk in procession from the college to the amphitheatre, was abandoned. The race, however, upon Shottery-meadow, for the Jubilee cup, value fifty guineas, took place, and was won by Mr. Pratt's horse, Whirligig. Garrick danced a minuet at the assembly in the evening, and thus closed a ceremony, which excited the greatest interest at the time, although by some it was treated as a subject worthy only of ridicule. An "annual minor jubilee" was contemplated the next year, but none took place. In 1794, Mr. Malone entertained a serious intention of promoting a commemoration of the jubilee, but abandoned his design in consequence of the national gloom which the revolutionary war in France had excited.*

From the same respectable source we extract the following letter:—

* *The Times*, April 23, 1827.

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Stratford-upon-Avon, Monday, April 23.

THE gala festival, in celebration of the natal day of Shakspeare, commenced this morning, and the contrast between the animated bustle of the inhabitants and visitors on this day, compared with the stillness of the preceding, was most striking. During the whole of Sunday, the several stage-coaches from London and the neighbouring towns were crowded with passengers, and vehicles of every description were put in requisition at Birmingham, Warwick, Leamington, and the adjacent villages, to convey the immense number of individuals who were anxious to witness this splendid pageant, the first upon any scale of magnitude that has taken place since the Garrick jubilee, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of September, 1769.

The festival was conducted by the Shakspearian Club established at Stratford-upon-Avon, who, anxious to do honour to their illustrious townsman, (Shakspeare,) and to show their loyalty to their sovereign, have proposed holding a Triennial Commemorative Festival on St. George's day, the 23rd of April, and to continue the same on the two following days. The subscriptions received for this purpose on the present occasion have been most liberal, and far exceeding the expectations of the committee, whose good taste and liberality evinced yesterday in the various proceedings of the ceremonial reflect upon them the highest credit.

Soon after six o'clock, the inhabitants were serenaded by the various bands of instrumental performers parading the town, and subsequently by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, &c.

The arrangements in the line of procession were very judicious, and controlled by the committee, wearing sashes and medals, assisted by about fifty constables. The whole being in readiness at eleven o'clock, the pageant of Shakspeare's dramatic characters, filled up by actors from Mr. Raymond's company, and amateurs, moved from the Guildhall in the following order:—

The Royal Standard of England.

Full Military Band in uniform, playing
"Warwickshire lads and lasses."

The Committee of the Shakspearian Club,
two abreast.

The Banner of the Club.

St. George on horseback, in armour, and bearing the ancient sword of the Corporation Armory, used for similar purposes since Edward III.

Melpomene, the Tragic Muse, in a dark-coloured car, drawn by four Fiends.

Lear.—Edgar, as Mad Tom. King Lear.

Richard the Third.—Gloucester. Prince of Wales.

Macbeth.—Three Witches surrounding the burning Cauldron, with Music. Banquo, as Ghost. Macbeth.

King John.—Cardinal. Faulconbridge. King John.

Othello.—Iago. Othello.

Hamlet.—Ghost. Hamlet. Grave Diggers, with the Song.

Romeo and Juliet.—Romeo. Juliet. Friar Lawrence.

Banner of Shakspeare's Arms.

Thalia, the Comic Muse, drawn in a Car by four Satyrs.

Tempest.—Caliban. Trinculo. Ariel. Prospero.

Winter's Tale.—Shepherd. Autolycus.

As You Like It.—Audrey. Touchstone.

Midsummer Night's Dream.—Oberon.

Titania, Queen, in a Car, drawn by Puck and Fairies. Bottom, with the Ass's Head.

Merchant of Venice.—Shylock. Portia, as Doctor of Laws.

Merry Wives of Windsor.—Sir John Falstaff. Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page.

Henry the Fifth.—Henry the Fifth. Pistol. Bardolph.

Union Flag.

Members of the Club, wearing the various medals struck for the occasion, four abreast.

The procession, which had a most brilliant effect from the splendour of the armour, dresses, banners, chariots, and other decorations by Mr. Palmer, passed through the principal streets, amidst the plaudits of an immense congregation, to the birth-place of Shakspeare, which still remains in its former state. In front of the house a temporary hustings had been erected, and upon the cavalcade arriving at the spot, the officiating gentlemen having taken their places, the bust of Shakspeare was crowned by Thalia and Melpomene, and an appropriate address was delivered.

At the conclusion, the procession moved on to the church, where the epitaph inscribed on the grave-stone of Shakspeare,

" Good friends, for Jesus' sake ! forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

was sung in an excellent manner by amateur vocalists, the music by Dignum. The procession, at the termination of divine service, returned to the site of the intended new theatre, which is partly erected, where the mayor, assisted by the corporation, laid the chief corner-stone in due form. This part of the ceremonial, as well as the grand dinner to the

members of the club in the evening, are described by our concluding remarks. Shakspeare's Hall was fitted up in a most superb manner for the occasion. In various parts of the room were scrolls; over a painting of Shakspeare, upon a white ground, " We ne'er shall look upon his like again;" and above that of Garrick, " He suited the action to the word."

Over the principal entrance within the hall, there was a transparency, representing the sun breaking through dark clouds, and a portrait of Shakspeare. So great was the demand for tickets for the dinner, that a great number of individuals were disappointed in obtaining admission. In the evening, various parts of the town were illuminated, and several amusements, shows, &c. provided for the gratification of all classes. On Tuesday there was a public breakfast and a masquerade, in a temporary amphitheatre, and on Wednesday, a concert, ball, &c. Much surprise was manifested at the absence of the London performers, and their conduct in not being present fully and freely contrasted with that of Garrick, King, and others, who assisted in the Jubilee of 1769.

The crowds of persons from the neighbouring towns and villages had by this time much increased, and many families of rank and eminence had arrived; and the streets, houses, and elevated positions, presented an animated display of beauty and fashion. The populace, in general, were remarkably orderly; indeed, we never witnessed so much decorum on a similar occasion. This is principally attributable to the very efficient exertions of Mr. Gwinnett, the secretary to the committee, aided by the active co-operation of Mr. Ashfield, the head constable, who had taken the precaution, early in the morning, of removing all suspicious persons from the town, or placing them in custody. Many of the houses were decorated with laurel, or a bust of Shakspeare. At the theatre, the procession being marshalled around the arena, and upon the stage, the ceremonial of laying the first stone commenced. The spot selected was upon the curve of the horse-shoe, in the pit, the outer walls of the building having been erected to about ten feet in height, so as to afford facilities for the occasion. The coins, medals, and inscription plate, having been deposited in the vacuum, the upper stone was lowered, under the guidance of the secretary to the theatre; the Mayor officiating. This done, the band struck up the national anthem: after which a paltry song was sung to the music of *Macbeth*, com-

mening with "When winds are warring
—Earthquakes and mountains tearing."

The new building is pleasantly situated, and commodious. It will be entitled "The Shakspeare Theatre," and will be opened by Mr. Raymond's company in the next autumn. The panels are to be filled up by illustrations of Shakspeare, and a splendid drop-scene will then be exhibited, representing the bard in the centre of a temple, surrounded by the kings and heroes of his plays.

Soon after four o'clock, a splendid entertainment was served up in Shakspeare's Hall, which was decorated in the style we have before described. The Mayor presided, supported by Mr. Canning, of Foxcote, the members of the corporation, and upwards of two hundred gentlemen of the first respectability, including the members of the club.

The evening was passed with the utmost hilarity.

The front of the Shakspeare Hall was brilliantly illuminated in the evening, as was the Falcon-inn, where Shakspeare passed his convivial hours, and where the sittings of the club are now held. Several other places also displayed variegated lamps, and in the Rothes-market a fair was held, the principal attraction being the Olympic Equestrian Circus. The day was fine, and we never witnessed more happiness and unanimity than were exhibited on this most interesting festival, nor did we hear of one accident to mar the general joy. Late at night there was a grand display of fire-works.

The Months.

SPRING SONG.

Rose ! Rose ! open thy leaves !
Spring is whispering love to thee.
Rose ! Rose ! open thy leaves !
Near is the nightingale on the tree.
Open thy leaves,
Open thy leaves,
And fill with balm-breath the ripening eves.

Lily ! Lily ! awake, awake !
The fairy wanteth her flowery boat :
Lily ! Lily ! awake, awake !
Oh ! set thy sweet-laden bark afloat.
Lily, awake !
Lily, awake !

And cover with leaves the sleeping lake.

Flowers ! Flowers ! come forth ! 'tis Spring !
Stars of the woods, the hills, and dells !
Fairy valley-lilies, come forth and ring
In your green turrets your silvery bells !
Flowers, come forth !
'Tis Spring ! come forth !

On the same exhilarating theme we now give an original outpouring of the spirit of poesy, for which we are indebted

to the author of "Ahab;" a poem, from which it will be remembered we gave an extract of much beauty in a recent number, which we can recommend to our readers as possessing much that is calculated to please a meditative mind.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AHAB."

(For the Mirror.)

THE frost is gone ! the Robin's glad,
He seeks his native tree ;
And his heart, so lately cold and sad,
Now melts in melody.

His little breast with rapture fills,
Right pleas'd he looks around,
And sings aloud, till all the hills
Return the joyous sound.

In every hedge, so lately white,
Peeps forth the freshen'd green ;
And the hips and haws, all redly bright,
On their thorny stems are seen.

And slowly down the sloping eaves
The loosen'd waters run ;
While the gladden'd earth once more receives
The kisses of the sun.

Each tree puts forth its leaf anew,
Each hedge its flow'ret shows ;
All round where'er the eye can view
With new-born beauty glows.

The Blackbird now, with joy elate,
Begins to whistle clear ;
And the Chaffinch warbles to his mate,
" Sweet, will you, will you, kiss me, dear."*

All hail ! all hail ! thou growing year,
My spirit greets thee kind ;
All hail, ye skies, so warm and clear,
That come to calm my mind.

The tuneful current of my breast,
By winter frozen long,
Now waken'd from its icy rest,
Again shall flow in song.

Again I'll seek my grassy nooks,
And woods where wild-birds breed.
And opening Nature's ample books,
Some useful lesson read.

And gather from her treasur'd heap
Of minstrel themes a store,
Content if they but break their sleep
When I shall be no more.

S. R. J.

MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I beg to add one or two memoranda relating to Mortimer, earl of March, of whom mention is made in your description of the Castle of Nottingham, (No. 240.) In the parliament, begun the 2nd of Edward III. he caused himself to be advanced to the title of

* The song of many chaffinches ends nearly in this way. Among bird-fanciers a "kiss me-dear chaffinch," as the term runs, is valuable.

lord of Wigmore, and earl of March;* and the same year held a *Round Table* at Bedford. After which, king Edward making a progress into the marches of Wales, was magnificently entertained by this Roger, in his castles of Ludlow and Wigmore; so likewise in his forests and parks, with great tiltings and other pastimes.

But hereupon he grew proud beyond measure; inasmuch as his own son, Geoffrey, called him the *king of folly*. He also kept the *Round Table* in Wales, for pride, in imitation of king Arthur. His other acts of extravagance and indecencies being made known to the king, he was surprised at Nottingham Castle, he was accused in parliament of high crimes and misdemeanours, and being found guilty, received sentence to be hanged and drawn, which was executed at the common gallows, called the Elmes, near Smithfield. His body was buried in the Grey Friars, and many years afterwards at Wigmore. So great is the vicissitude of human greatness!

This eminent but unhappy man married Joane, daughter of Peter, son of Geffery de Glenvil, or Genevil, lord of Tian, in Ireland, and had issue four sons; viz. Edmund, Sir Roger, Sir Geffery, lord of Towyth; and Jehn, who was slain in a tournament at Shrewsbury. As also seven daughters, viz. Catherine, wife of Thomas Beauchamp, earl of Warwick; Joane of James lord Audley; Agnes, of Laurence, earl of Pembroke; Margaret, of Thomas, son of Maurice, lord Berkeley; Maude, of John de Cherleton, son of John, lord Powys; Blanche, of Peter de Grandison; and Beatrix, first of Edward, son and heir of Thomas, of Brotherton, earl marshal of England, and afterwards of Sir Thomas de Braose.

ARMS. Bany of six o. and az. on a chief of the first; three pallets between two esquires, best dexter, and sinister of the second, on inescutcheon; arg.

The last earl of March was Edward, who afterwards became king of England, by the title of Edward IV. By this means the castle of Wigmore, with its vast possessions, and the honours of the house of Mortimer, merged in the possession of the crown, in whom it has ever since remained. I am, Sir, &c.

H. W. DEWHURST.

THE FAIRY'S FUNERAL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE sun had long sunk with his rays in the west,
Midst the rich-coloured clouds that escort him to rest,

* Banks' Dormant and Extinct Baronetage, vol. ii. page 368.

And a mystical Night* had come forth from her den,
And had spread her dark veil o'er the mansions of men,

As I roam'd o'er a spot so romantic and grand,
That I fancied I trod upon fairy-form'd land.
The moon was pursuing her course in the sky,
Like the queen of the heavens sailing on high;
Not a cloud intercepted her silvery beam,
And her shadow danc'd light on the still flowing stream;

Scarce a breath of the zephyr was felt through the air,

All nature appear'd to be slumbering there.
On a sudden I heard, as I wander'd along,
The soul-thrilling sounds of melodious song—
Scarce as loud as the notes of the lark in the sky,
Yet plaintive and sad as the breath of a sigh.
I look'd, and beheld in a lonely spot near,
A band of sad Fairies surrounding a bier,
On which there appear'd, by Death's arrow laid low,

A form even purer and whiter than snow—
A figure so lovely—too lovely to tell—
Even heaven itself must have wept when it fell.
As I gazed, the sad Fairy throng ceased to bewail,

And the sound died away on the soft blowing gale,
When one from the midst of the throng stepp'd away,
And leant o'er the bier as she chanted this lay:

No more, alas! on summer day,
Shalt thou in the sunbeams play;
Or recline upon the rose,
While the cooling zephyr blows,
Lamented Fairy Queen!

No more in Fairy halls and bowers,
Deck'd with Nature's gayest flowers,
Shalt thou hold thy phantom court,
Or begin the lively sport,
Lamented Fairy Queen!

No more shalt thou, in shady dell,
Sing as sweet as Philomel,
For thou'rt gone from realms of night,
Onward to the land of light—
Adieu, our Fairy Queen!

Cease, ye zephyrs, cease to blow.
Cease, ye rippling streams, to flow,
Lest the gentle zephyrs blowing,
Or the rippling streamlets flowing,
Disturb our Fairy Queen!

As she ended, the group gathered closer around,
And the flower-form'd bier slowly sunk in the ground;

No vestige the Fairy Queen's burial betray'd,
Even the night-dew appear'd on the spot where she laid.

This sad office o'er, like the dew-moisten'd flowers,

The fairies in sorrow retir'd to their bowers;
Even their footsteps re-echoed along the night air,

So silent and still was the solitude there.

L. D. E.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ANCIENT MANNER OF SENDING MEMBERS TO PARLIAMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

WHEN Macduff, the thane of Fife, fled from the court of the tyrannical usurper, Macbeth, he concealed himself for some time in a sea-beaten cave, which extends, for a considerable length, beneath some very singularly formed rocks, on the northern shore of the Frith of Forth, about six miles from Anstruther, the scene of Tennant's poem of "Anster Fair." This cave is very difficult of access; indeed, the whole appearance of these romantic rocks may be said to be truly grand and sublime. A fugitive could not choose a better situation for concealment. It is now called, in memory of that event, "Macduff's Cave." There he was supplied with food, which was lowered down to him with a rope, by some humane and faithful fishermen, who afterwards contrived to convey him undiscovered to the opposite shore, from whence he fled into England, and joined Malcolm, the son of Duncan, the sovereign who had been murdered by the ambitious Macbeth. From that circumstance the town has ever since borne the name of "Earl's Ferry." Shortly after the usurper was killed in battle by Macduff, at Dunsinane, and Malcolm, the rightful heir, was restored to the Scottish throne. The new king, in consideration of the loyalty of the "guid toon of Earl's Ferry," granted its inhabitants the privilege of returning two members to the Scottish parliament. This franchise they enjoyed for a considerable time; but as the honest electors in "olden times," instead of being paid for their "voices," were obliged to pay their representatives,* the poor, but upright freeholders of Earl's Ferry found it would be to their interest to have the burthen of their franchise taken off their shoulders altogether; in fact, they were of opinion, that the giving of the enormous sum of two shillings and eightpence per day for the honour of having the Ferry ranked among the royal burghs of Scotland, was "paying too dear for their whistle." They, therefore, presented a petition to the Scottish monarch, humbly praying that he would be graciously pleased to disfranchise their burgh, and annul the very expensive privilege that had been conferred upon their ancestors. As a flattering mark of their sovereign's favour, their request was complied

with; and Earl's Ferry has, consequently, continued nothing more than a mere fishing village.

A. B. C.

Anecdotes and Recollections.

Notings, selections,
Anecdote and joke :
Our recollections ;
With gravities for graver folk.

DRAMATIC REMINISCENCES.

MR. MATHEWS, personating King in his new *Monopolologue*, relates the following anecdotes. (King is supposed to be speaking of Garrick :)—Ah, there's Garrick, glorious Garrick. I remember he and Mossop divided the town in *Romeo*—played it twenty nights running at both houses—sad bore to the old play-goers.

What's played to night, says drowsy Ned,
As from his bed he rouses—
Romeo again, and shakes his head,
A plague on both your houses.

They said Mossop made love in the balcony scene so tenderly, you imagined *Juliet* would have jumped down into his arms; but little Davy made love as if he'd have jumped up into her's. Then there was their *Lears*; in that again they divided the town.

The town confess, in different ways,
The merits of our *Lears*,
To Mossop they give loud huzzas,
To Garrick only give tears.

Ah, Davy, cunning Davy, he was a great man. He liked my *Ogleby*; cast me the part himself. The other house wanted to get it up against us. Eh, what, says he, going to play *Lord Ogleby* against us? They can't do it; no, no; but no matter if they can.

"The KING's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction lack."

Ah, poor Davy. Sam, satirical Sam. Funny Foote, as they used to call him; he didn't like Davy; always tried to take him down a peg whenever he could. Sam brought out a burlesque on *Pamela*, called *Piety in Pattens*, all played by puppets. "Pray, Mr. Foote, says an old duchess of quality, who used to patronize him, 'are these puppets as large as life?'"—"No, madam, only as large as Garrick!"

ON A WORM DOCTOR.

—, of worm-destroying note,
With little folks who breed 'em,
Has all his life been poisoning worms,
And now's consign'd to feed 'em.

Thus, 'twixt our doctor and his foes,
Accounts are pretty trim;
For many years he lived by those,
And now these live on him.

Nuya Canora.

* Each member was then paid one shilling and four pence per diem, as a remuneration for his attendance and trouble during the sitting of parliament.

Ancient Equestrian Statue.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I beg to forward a very curious remnant from ancient feudal times for insertion in your valuable work, the MIRROR. It is a correct drawing, copied from a small but curious and ancient equestrian statue, supposed to be about 500 years old, and conjectured, about that period, to have become the property of the vicar of Hereford college, in whose possession it has ever since remained.

From the costume of the armour, it appears to be about the time of our Henry III. It is formed of brass, stands about twenty inches high, and is nearly twelve pounds weight. The knight has evidently the flat crusader's helmet, with the ornamental cross forming the sight piece; hauberk of scale mail, and chausses of chain mail. The shield on his left arm is wanting; the sword on the right hand is extremely broad, and without the cross-guard. The horse is ornamented with trappings and breast-band, which has apparently had bells attached to it; on the forehead of the horse is a projecting tube; and the top of the helmet is open, and formerly had a cover. The whole of the horse and man is hollow; and whether they have been intended for use as a lamp, or for the purpose of holding hot water, (*query*, a tea-kettle!) the learned are much in doubt. I am, Sir, &c.

ANTIQUITAS.

The Sketch Book.

No. XXXV.

MERRY ENGLAND ON MAY MORNING.

MAY, May!—our heart leaps, and we grow ten years younger at the word. It is really no mean thing, in the commonplace world of prose in which we live, to feel a stimulus awakening what little of poetry and love that are left us. May has been since the beginning of the world, the season of love and of flowers, the earth and the heart then sprout with their loveliest and most amiable blossoms. May is, time out of mind, the poet's holiday; and nature looks on her favourite with her kindest eyes, and puts on her birth-day suit to bid him welcome. Surely our forefathers never left us a sounder proof of their wisdom than in consecrating the most delicious season of the year to the renewal of loves and friendships, as if the best feelings of the heart and the flowers of the earth took, at the same time, a new lease of existence.

I do not know how it is, but with all the freshening of feeling which the simplicity of our ancestors brings on me, I am rather disposed to be melancholy on the occasion. The whole truth, and no-

thing but the truth, is, we have ceased to be a poetical country. We are, in serious prose, a nation of stock-jobbers, political economists, and shopkeepers. Let us take a spring back of a few centuries, when Spenser, Shakspeare, "Rare Ben," Middleton, Beaumont, and a host of lesser lights, spread a charm over the face of nature, softened the harsh shadows of reality, and gave immortality to the joys by which they were surrounded. Let us compare a May morning as they described, to the one usually spent by us.

Early after midnight, troops of youths and lasses, donned in their holiday attire, repaired, ere the sun gave them light, to the nearest wood. Here the hawthorn was plundered of its choicest blossoms, and the young votaries of love and nature, decorated with flowers and May-buds, bent their steps homeward, making their windows and door-ways bear testimony of their early rising. A May-pole was then erected, adorned with garlands of flowers—the merriest man was lord of the revels, and the prettiest girl queen of the day. Dance, song, and glee, lent wings to the hours, and the hushing twilight discovered our forefathers in all their ignorance and all their happiness. Occasionally, the sports would be varied by trials of skill, in pitching the bar, or the more national and ambitious display of archery. This was not all confined to the male part of the revellers—the ladies had their share of the entertainment. Although they took no part in the contest, they were present as the arbitresses, and awarded the prizes to the victor. Each youthful aspirant felt his sinews braced, and his blood flow in a warmer current, by each kind and encouraging look thrown on him by his lady-love, as she admired the athletic turn of his limbs, his manly grace, and vigorous energy. Then would the days of merry old Sherwood come across the recollection of the party; and Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and his foresters green, find willing and efficient representatives in a rural masque. The sports of the evening would generally finish under the May-pole;—the young would dance round it to the enlivening sounds of the pipe and tabor, while the old, as they sat looking on, and passing to each other the cheerful bowl, would, in recounting their youthful pranks, feel the sun of revelry thawing the frost about their hearts, and, remembering they were once young, forget entirely that they had grown old:—

"O thou delicious spring! O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers, fresh thick'ning
grass,

And plain beneath Heaven's face; O hills and
mountains,
Vallies and streams and fountains; banks of green
Myrtles and palm serene, ivies and bays;
And ye who warm'd our lays, spirits o' the woods
Echoes and solitudes and lakes of light;
O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvens all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be, and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath—*ye are alone.*"

Alone! well we may say "those days are gone"—we are every day less and less Merry England. The civil wars of the revolution, while it stained our soil with their crimson tide, dried up the spirit of romance and poetry in our ancestors' veins. As we have become enlightened, we have ceased to be poetical; we have lost poetry, and we have gained steam-engines. The peasants of the most romantic and secluded of our counties would rather spend their holiday at a dog or a man-fight, or in the smoky kitchen of a public-house, than join in the gayest sports of the loveliest of May-mornings. And it is not they alone from whose hearts the bloom is gone. Our modern ladies and gentlemen would faint at the vulgar smell of a hawthorn bush in bloom, and would rather be suffocated in a select party of three hundred fashionables in a crowded drawing-room, than join a masque in which the Sydneys and Raleighs, and the fine spirits of the olden time loved to mingle. We no longer regard our fields and meadows with the love of nature, but look upon them with an eye to the rent-roll;—not with the thought of their flowers and glades, but how much they will bring an acre. A sigh and a farewell for the days that are gone, and—

"Back to busy life again."

May! thou art still as fragrant and blooming as when nature first formed thee, the young year's favourite! Thy fields are as green, thy flowers as fresh—thy skies are as blue, and thy streams are as clear—but, oh! thou art become the shadow of a name! It is our hearts, and not thou, which are altered.

But if we are so grown the slaves of circumstances as not to be qualified to enjoy the luxuries of a May-morning in reality, let us do so in imagination. If our readers want assistance, let them get to heart the following verses, in which is endeavoured to be infused a little of the freshness and simplicity of the olden time:—

* Leigh Hunt, from the Italian of Sannazaro.

SONG FOR MAY-MORNING.

It is May, it is May !

And all earth is gay,

For at last old winter is quite away :

He linger'd awhile on his cloak of snow,

To see the delicate primrose blow ;

He saw it, and made no longer stay—

And now it is May, it is May !

It is May, it is May !

And we bless the day

When we first delightedly so can say ;

April had beams amidst her showers,

Yet bare were her gardens, and cold her bowers ;

And her frown would blight, and her smile be-
tray.

But now it is May, it is May !

It is May, it is May !

And the slenderest spray

Holds up a few leaves to the ripening ray,

And the birds sing fearlessly out on high,

For there is not a cloud in the calm blue sky ;

And the villagers join the roundelay—

For, oh ! it is May, it is May !

It is May, it is May !

And the flowers obey

The beams which alone are more bright than they ;

Yet they spring at the touch of the sun,

And opening their sweet eyes one by one,

In a language of beauty seem all to say,

And of perfume—tis May, it is May !

It is May, it is May !

And delights that lay

Chill'd and enchain'd beneath winter sway,

Break forth again o'er the kindling soul,

And soften, and soothe it, and bless it whole.

Oh ! thoughts more tender than words convey.

Sigh out—It is May, it is May !

*Vagaries, in Quest of the Wild and
the Whimsical.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A VISIT TO THE ASSIZES.

THOSE who frequent the courts of justice, and are often present at the trial of causes, soon become familiar with the various scenes which are presented upon such occasions ; but to me, who never attend the assizes, except when summoned upon a jury, which does not occur oftener than once in three years, the appearance of a crowded court, and the many, very many sights of joy and misery which a common observer cannot but notice in an assize town, are all matters of high interest. Within the last week I have been present at many such scenes. Having a small freehold in our county, I was selected as a special jurymen, and attended to try an important cause, but the trial having been postponed until the last, I was obliged to remain at ——— two days longer than I

expected. Not having any other business there, I used to stroll from one court to the other, sometimes listening to the civil cases, and sometimes to the criminal, and not unfrequently I took my stand upon the steps leading to the hall-door, and there watched the various groups around me. Upon the morning of the second day, I was standing at my usual place upon the steps, when my attention was particularly attracted towards some country people who were collected upon the pavement below. There were five of them ; three men and two women. Of the latter, one dressed decently in a long red cloak, was crying very bitterly, her face hid in her handkerchief, and leant upon the arm of an elderly man, who stood firmly upright, his ruddy sun-burnt countenance fixed in an expression made up of sorrow, anger, and contempt. His hat seemed slouched over his face as if to prevent any one from recognizing him, but it was not sufficiently large to conceal either his dark fiery eye, or the long white hairs that fell down the side of his face. Immediately opposite to them stood a man and woman seemingly of lower rank in life, and of a very different character ; the woman, who was dirty in the extreme, although with some few patches of finery about her dress, lolled carelessly, throwing her eyes around her in a manner which seemed to prove how far she was removed from anything like the sorrows which the other woman so strongly manifested. The man stood with his arms crossed, his hat placed just upon the top of his head, and his ill-looking ruffian-like countenance indicating something very like defiance. The remaining member of the group stood between the men, and from his appearance I concluded him to be an attorney's clerk. When I had observed them a few minutes, the latter member of the party left them, and made his way towards the hall, the others remaining as before. "Zounds !" exclaimed the rough-looking man, "this is nothing of a scrape ! I have been in many a worse 'un, and always got clear off. Haven't I, Poll ?"

Poll nodded her assent. "I don't know what you call a scrape then," said the old man ; "is't no scrape to be made the gaze of all the town ; to be printed in the calendar as a thief ; to be brought from prison to hall, and sent from hall to ——— ?" He paused, the word seemed to choke him. "Great God ! that ever a son of mine should stand in the dock and hold up his hand as a felon ! Nay, nay, woman," turning to his wife, who seemed bursting with grief, "don't

ye cry, now don't ye cry." Tears rolled down the poor man's cheek as he spake, and his wife, for such I judged the woman leaning on his arm, sobbed bitterly. "Oh! there's no occasion for ye to take on so about 'un; Poll and I'll swear as he was at home all night."

"What though you will?" exclaimed the other man, raising himself, and speaking indignantly, "what though you will? Think ye your oaths will be taken, ye who have been at every tread-mill in England, and whose neck has twenty times been within a yard of the gallows-rope? What good will your oaths do?"

"I don't see why my oath 'ant as good as any other man's," he answered blusteringly, as if seemingly inclined to quarrel.

"I do," answered the old man; "were I upon the jury, I wouldn't believe one word you said. You swore to me the last time I saw you, that you knew naught of my lad, and at that very time Kate Cicely and him were in your house, and you knew it."

"Pooh," answered he, "I wan't going to give up my friend."

"Your friend!" echoed the old man, "how came he to be your friend? You decoyed him from me—you and that harlot Kate, and now you have placed him where you should be, to stand the brunt for you. Your friend!"

Ere the other had time to reply, their former companion joined them, and whispering to them, they all walked towards the court-house. Jack Hasper, for that turned out to be the name of the ruffian-looking fellow, and the woman who was with him, walked on first; the old man and his wife followed slowly; I felt too great interest in what I had heard not to walk after them. The woman dried her eyes, and they proceeded towards the top of the steps. I perceived the old man become more and more feeble—step by step he moved slowly on—he reached the top—he approached the outer door of the court—"I can go no further," he remarked, "I should die if I were to see him. Oh, God? oh, God! be merciful!" Poor man! he clasped his hands before his face, and fell forwards upon the door in the most dreadful agony. Tears poured down his cheeks, and his whole frame seemed convulsed. His wife, for a moment, forgot her own sorrow, in her anxiety for her husband; she led him gently towards the corner farthest from the door, through which the busy crowd were passing to and fro. He still held his hands before his face, and crept close to the wall, as if afraid that any one should recognize

him. I had remained at some distance from them, but I felt that my observance was intrusive, and therefore walked on into the court, whispering to the woman as I passed, that if she needed any assistance she would find me near the door.

At the bar was a young man of rather simple, ingenuous appearance, and a woman considerably older, pretty looking, but evidently artful and designing. They were arraigned upon a charge of theft, committed in a dwelling-house, and having pleaded "Not Guilty," the trial commenced. They were indicted as man and wife, and it appeared from the evidence that they had lived together as such. The theft had been committed in the night, about twelve o'clock; the things stolen were some silver spoons, some linen, and several culinary utensils; an apron belonging to Kate Cicely was found in the house which was robbed, and by its means all the stolen articles were traced several days afterwards to the residence of Jack Hasper, with whom Charles Mangrove and Kate Cicely were living. Hasper was immediately taken into custody, but Kate Cicely, in order to release him, laid an accusation against Charles Mangrove, and made a confession purporting that she and Charles had committed the robbery, and brought the articles to Hasper's house. Charles vehemently denied this to be true, and protested his ignorance of the whole matter; but he and his wife, for such Kate Cicely was considered to be, were, notwithstanding his protestation, committed to prison to take their trial. When placed at the bar, Charles Mangrove presented a most pitiable appearance, pale and emaciated, the consequence of irregular living, long confinement, and regret for his follies. He held down his head as if fearing to look around, lest he should recognize some one to whom he was known. His companion, on the contrary, stood up, bold and unabashed, and paid great attention to the evidence detailed against her.

As the trial proceeded, the evidence became rather in Charles Mangrove's favour, and every now and then he gave a hurried look upwards, but quickly relapsed into his former situation. At a time when he gave one of these glances, I happened to be looking at him, and perceived a woman's face just appearing behind the dock; she seemed eagerly to catch every word that was uttered, and at the same time kept her eyes fixed upon him. It was his mother. As he looked round, their eyes met; she withdrew her face; he started, gazed a moment, and

then with a heavy sigh, and a wildness of look I shall never forget, sunk down senseless in the dock. His mother heard him fall, and pushing forward, passed on before the jailor, who was about to assist him, and herself raised and supported him in her arms. She uttered a shriek at first, but all grief seemed to subside in her care of him. She pressed him to her bosom; some water was brought, she bathed his temples, and in a few moments he began to recover. The proceedings had of course been suspended at this moment; and no sooner did he begin to shew signs of returning life, than the judge interfered, remarking, that even if there were any evidence to convict Charles Mangrove, the indictment was informal, and must fail, but that he was of opinion no evidence had been given at all implicating him, but rather tending to shew that Kate and the master of the house, Jack Hasper, had been guilty of the theft. That being the case, the jury must acquit both the prisoners. "Not Guilty," was immediately pronounced. The mother seemed bewildered. She kept a firm hold of her son, who had scarcely revived; the dock was unlocked; she looked first at Charles then at the jailor, the latter of whom told her she might go; but she seemed scarcely to understand what he said. At length Kate Cicely approached them familiarly, and was about to take the arm of her paramour. This roused the mother. "Hold off, woman!" she exclaimed, pushing her forcibly back. "Hold off! you have *had* your will of him." Then rushing forward, still holding her son strongly by the arm, they passed to the door, the crowd making way for them. The father had approached close to the door, and listened anxiously to the tumult within; he heard the noise of footsteps—quick and hurried, they came nearer—they passed out at the door—they met——

We can go no farther; it is impossible to describe the meeting. The old man wept like a child—he hung upon his son's neck for a moment, and then they hurried to a neighbouring inn, in a back room of which they remained until sunset, when all three returned home.—*National Magazine.*

——— LINES TO A DREAM.

FAIRY phantom of the brain,
Gem of Fancy's starry train,
Fragile web of wandering thought,
With all precious feelings wrought,
Ruling o'er the struggling soul
With far more than faith's control.

In the sinner's slumbering hour,
As Remorse thou show'st the power;
Welcome to the lover's breast,
Thou dost o'er his fever'd rest
Gracefully and brightly move,
With the beauty of his love.
Distant friends thou bringest near,
To delight our eye and ear;
Then like distant friends thou art,
And we hold them to our heart.

Thou can'st give, sweet dream, a bliss
Dearer, holier too, than this;
Those who fled to happier skies,
Shed no tears, and heave no sighs,
Freed from sin, and grief, and strife,
Crown'd with a celestial life;
These we see in bright array,
Till our sorrows fade away,
And though day the vision break,
'Tis a memory for whose sake
We may well the empire bless
Over thought, that dreams possess!

The Inspector.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

MISREPRESENTATIONS OF TRAVELLERS.

IT is strange what erroneous ideas of things one gets; it appears to me, that the first person who writes a book, does not visit the country which he describes, and that others follow his book, not their own eyes. I had always read that Florence was a cheerful place, and was surprised to find that the Old Bailey and Newgate-street must be the favourite haunts of dimpled mirth, and that laughter might be found holding both his sides in Warwick-lane, rather than in the gloomy Tuscan capital. At Rome I expected to feel like a worm crawling about a skull; that it would be impossible to turn the corner of a street, or to look out of window, without bursting into tears; but I found that the city upon seven hills, and upwards, has much of the bright, smart aspect of Bath and Cheltenham. I suppose, by reflecting upon the theme, that Romulus and Remus, and St. Gregory the Great, and many others who used to reside here, are dead, the mind may be attuned to sorrow; but when left to itself, I do not think that the aspect of the place alone would make it sad. There are ruins in plenty to be sure, but they are white and handsome, and not of a mournful countenance. I shall, in future, distrust all books of travels; and if I find either Vesuvius, or the sea, at Naples, I shall wonder by what strange accident

describers have for once guessed right.—
Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days
on the Continent.

corn, and are seen on farms in numerous
herds.—*Ibid.*

CAFFER DRIVING.

A DUTCHMAN never seems in a hurry ; he carries his mutton, dried beef, and bread, with his blanket, in a large chest, on which he sits to drive, and with his pipe jogs on contentedly, now and then calling out "Trae, traë." His little Hot-tentot leader joins him, if there are other waggons before him, and only gets down to lead them down the hill ; or, if they gallop off, as soon as he gets hold of the reins which are attached to the two first oxen, he leads them zig zag, or throws mud or dust at them, crying out in a sharp shrill tone till they stop. His whip measures thirty-five feet, which he seldom uses, but when he does, it is with effect, cutting with ease even the foremost of the span ; it is then laid along the top of the wagon. He has besides a smaller one, which he calls his good doctor ; it is made of the skin of the buffalo, or the hippopotamus ; this is applied at a short pull, and whether it is owing to the whip or the nature of the animal, they are wonderfully tractable, and although one hundred might be let out to graze together, that never before met, they are never known to fight.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

THE SPRING BUCK OF SOUTH AFRICA.

WE saw several hearty-beasts, one of the largest species of deer, with very handsome horns ; and the pride of the plain, the spring buck ; the latter, which are extremely timid, are about the size of the common deer, and of the same colour, with a white stripe on each side, and a black stripe along the back, which they have the power of closing and expanding. They take their name from the amazing springs which they make over paths, rocks, or anything that obstructs their way ; and it is done in a singularly graceful manner, the head bowed, the legs hanging, and the body curved, so that the animal appears as if suspended in the air ; the fleetest greyhound only, can overtake them. It is very amusing to see their contemptuous treatment of all other pursuers ; they allow them to come near, then give a bound and a snort, and trot off to a little distance, when they expand the hair on their backs, and appear quite white. They are very destructive to the

TEMPTATION.

THE river Neve separates us from the French, whom I see every morning at parade, from the window of my garret. Our sentries and theirs can talk to each other with perfect ease ; no kind of molestation being offered on either side. They come down to water their horses, and their women to wash the linen of the regiments, and we do the same. The French soldiers often endeavour to entice our fellows to desert, by sticking a piece of beef on the point of a bayonet, or by holding out a canteen, accompanying their action with "I sang, come here, ! here is ver good ros-bif ; here is ver good brandy."—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

TO THE COWSLIP.

ONCE more, thou flower of childlike fame,
Thou meet'st the April wind ;
The self-same flowers, the very same
As those I used to find.
Thy peeps, tipt round with ruddy streak,
Again attract mine eye,
As they were those I used to seek
Full twenty summers by.

But I'm no more akin to thee,
A partner of the Spring,
For Time has had a hand with me ;
And left an alter'd thing :—
A thing that's lost thy golden hours,
And all I witness'd then,
Mix'd in a desert, far from flowers,
Among the ways of men.

Thy blooming pleasures, smiling, gay,
The seasons still renew ;
But mine were doom'd a stunted stay,
Ah, they were short and few !
The every hour that hurried by,
To eke the passing day,
Lent restless pleasures wings to fly,
Till all were flown away.

Blest flower ! with Spring thy joys begun,
And no false hopes are thine ;
One constant cheer of shower and sun
Makes all thy stay divine.
But my May-morning quickly fled,
And dull its noon came on ;
And happiness is past and dead
Ere half that noon is gone.

Ah ! smile and bloom, thou lovely thing !
Though May's sweet days are few,
Still coming years thy flowers shall bring,
And bid them bloom anew.
Man's life, that bears no kin to them,
Past pleasures well may mourn :
No bud clings to its withering stem—
No hope for Spring's return.

John Clare's Shepherd's Calendar.

Arts and Sciences.

ELECTRIC COLUMN.

M. DE LUC's electric column, or aerial electroscope, an instrument frequently alluded to in journals of the weather, is composed of a great number of small circular and very thin plates, about the diameter of a sixpenny piece of silver, of paper and of zinc, alternately arranged, forming a column; the two ends of which are made to approximate, and at each of them is attached a small bell; a metallic clapper is then hung between them, and the whole apparatus is insulated by being fixed on glass stands. One end of the column is observed to become electrified plus, as it is termed, and the other minus; consequently, one of the bells becomes electrified plus or positive, and the other minus or negative; and the metallic clapper moving rapidly from one to the other, to equalize the two electricities, a pulsation is produced, and the bells ring. Neither the heat nor cold, dryness or moisture of the atmosphere, appear to have any considerable influence on the action of this instrument; but it is considerably altered by peculiarities in the electric state of the atmosphere. The prevalence of cirri ramifying about the sky in various directions, and accompanied often by other modifications, by dry, easterly, and changeable winds, and by numerous small meteors of an evening, which appear to indicate a disturbance in the atmospherical electricity, are found to be accompanied by an irregular action of the electric column.

STEAM.

A SIMPLE rule for finding the quantity of steam required to raise a given weight to any given temperature, arises out of this formula. Multiply the water to be warmed by the difference of temperature between the cold water and that to which it is to be raised for a dividend; then, to the temperature of the steam, add nine hundred, and from the sum take the required temperature of the water. This last remainder being made a divisor to the above dividend, the quotient will be the quantity of steam, in the same terms as the water.

What quantity of steam at 212° will raise 100 gallons of water at 60° up to

$$(212-60) \times 100 \quad 152$$

$$212^{\circ} \quad \frac{900}{9} = \frac{152}{9}$$

seventeen gallons of water, formed into steam. This quantity of steam from a boiler containing about twenty-seven

cubic feet, with a fire applied to the best advantage, will be furnished in two hours and sixteen minutes, supposing no heat to be lost by the heated mass being exposed. The coal consumed for this purpose will be about 23 or 24 lbs., depending on its quality.

The theorem above given will apply to any temperature above 212°, when the steam is under greater pressure than thirty inches of mercury. It will also appear from the published tables of the force of vapour, that any degree of heat short of endangering the vessels, may be given by steam under different degrees of pressure. Such means are at present employed for evaporating water from sugar, salt, and other fluids requiring a greater degree than 212°. It will be equally obvious, that a uniform heat may be kept up below 212°, by adjusting the steam-cock through which the medium to be heated is supplied. In giving heats above 212°, the vessels should be completely steam-tight, and very strong. The boiler should have a safety-valve which should always be kept clean and free to act.

SEA WATER.

SEA-WATER, when taken up at a distance from the shore, appears limpid, tastes salt, nauseous, and bitter; it purifies by keeping; it contains, upon the coasts of Great Britain, from one twenty-eight to one thirty-eight of salt. The sea-water lately examined by a very accurate hydrometer, two successive seasons at Hastings, is to distilled water as 1023 to 1000, and holds in solution a thirty-sixth part of saline matter. The purgative qualities of sea-water depends, in a great measure, upon the muriated magnesia it contains, which is a neutral substance, formed naturally from the earth of magnesia, and the acid of sea-salt, and which gives sea water its bitter taste, the other saline contents are chiefly, common culinary salt, with a very small proportion of selenite salt.

Miscellanies.

A HINT TO SURGEONS.

DR. VON IFFLAND relates the following fact:—"While in practice at Quebec, a large dog, bleeding profusely from the right leg, attracted the attention of one of my students. He was coaxed into the surgery, when I found an artery and the tendons completely divided. I ordered the poor animal to be firmly secured, by which means a ligature was applied to the bleeding vessel, and after shaving the hair surrounding the wound, I carefully

applied adhesive plasters, and brought its edges together, (leaving a small aperture for the ligature,) covered with a linen bandage. After the operation he was set at liberty; but to my great surprise, the following morning the dog was one of my earliest patients. The bandage appeared to be undisturbed; I, however, removed it for the purpose of examining the state of the wound, and as the strips of plaster seemed to be in the adhesive state I had applied them the day before, they were allowed to remain. On the third day, about the same hour, the sagacious animal made his appearance, and impatiently (by his gestures) waited his turn to meet the attention of my assistant to dress anew his wound; to which he most gently submitted, licking, during the whole time of the operation, the hands of the operator. He continued punctually to visit my surgery every morning at the same hour until cured, which I believe was not less than fifteen days. I found some time after, that the dog belonged to a respectable butcher in St. John's suburbs; and every time I had occasion to pass his master's house, it was impossible to avoid the extreme caresses and fondness which he displayed by his alert gestures and jumping, and even following me throughout my visits to all the patients I then had under my care in both suburbs, and then following until he saw me safely in my own lodgings, when he immediately departed for his master's home; and what is more extraordinary, all the enticing means resorted to by the students and myself, never could prevail upon the dog to enter the surgery after he was dismissed as cured.

THE CAGOTS.

In bidding adieu to these less frequented and wilder parts of the Pyrenees, says an intelligent author, Mr. Hardy, in his "Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees," I cannot resist a slight notice of a class of people called the Cagots.

In my two months' sojourn amidst these mountains, I sometimes came in contact with this singular race of human beings, and who are, I believe, peculiar to this part of France. No language can describe the utter wretchedness of their appearance; shunned by every one, they crawl upon the face of the earth in the most abject state of want and misery, such as can only be known in being witnessed. Their complexions are cadaverous in the extreme; many of them afflicted with the *goitre*, or dwarfish stature, and for clothing, a sort of sackcloth is all

that distinguishes them from "the beasts that perish."

The origin of these poor creatures is lost in the distance of time. Mons. Pallasson, who has written a memoir on the subject, is of opinion, that they take their rise from the last of the Saracens, who were defeated by Charles Martel in the neighbourhood of Tours, and subsequently driven into these mountains, and afterwards became objects of hatred and contempt.

The habitations of these outcasts are apart from all the towns and villages, amid dreary valleys and unwholesome swamps. Among other persecutions, they were formerly obliged to bear a badge, indicative of their degraded class. These cruel distinctions pursued them even to the churches, which they entered by a separate door; and the holy waters appropriated to their use would have been thought by their more favoured fellow-beings rather those of contamination than of blessedness.

I was confined to a village by incessant rain one whole day in the neighbourhood of some of these people, and never can I forget the two or three objects which presented themselves, more particularly one, a female: the face was horribly disfigured with the small-pox; the *goitre* had extended itself so completely round the throat, that no protrusion of the lower jaw could be perceived; a filthy blanket was thrown over her shoulders, extending to the feet, and held round her person with folded arms: her *tout-ensemble* was loathsome in the extreme; and although young, the expression of the eye indicated that disease and misery were struggling within. A trifle bestowed upon her seemed for a moment to dispel the habitual gloom of her wretched countenance, which conscious degradation had so deeply engraved upon it. In nearly one attitude she remained opposite to the *auberge* full three hours, attracted thither no doubt by the hope of charity and the gratification of vacant curiosity, which the arrival of any stranger would most probably afford. In speaking of her to the mistress of the house, her answer convinced me, that she hardly thought the poor creature worthy of notice as a human being. The government of France ought to seek the improvement of these miserable people; but I am aware that they have difficulties almost insurmountable in the prejudices and long-cherished abhorrence of association which the mountaineers entertain towards them.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

DES ESSARTS, an actor at the Hague, having been caught poaching on the preserves of the Stadtholder, availed himself of the resources of his profession to get out of the scrape. A gamekeeper, who had never seen the tragedian excepting in the garb of royalty, asked him by what right he came there to shoot? Des Essarts, with an air and tone of the most heroic haughtiness, replied,—

"Ask you, by what right?

By that great right the vast and towering mind

Has o'er the grovelling instinct of the vulgar!"

These lines, uttered with a tragic and theatrical air, so panic-struck the poor gamekeeper, that he exclaimed, "Oh, if I had known that, of course, I should not have interfered!"

A PROVINCIAL paper says, that a gentleman in Devonshire has invented what he calls a snuff-pistol; it has two barrels, and being applied to the nose, and touching a spring under with the forefinger, both nostrils are instantly filled, and a sufficient quantity driven up the head to last the whole day!

THE IRISH PLACE-HUNTER.

A PLACE under government,
Was all that Paddy wanted;
He married soon a scolding wife,
And thus his wish was granted.

ON the tomb of Purcell, the musician, in Westminster Abbey, it is set forth that "Purcell is gone to that blessed place, where only his harmony can be excelled." The widow of a celebrated pyrotechnician was so pleased with this epitaph that she determined to adopt it for her husband, and wrote accordingly, that "he was gone to that *blessed place*, where only his *fire works* could be excelled!"

THE convent of Bernardines, of Pisa, contains the largest kettle known in the world. It is of cast-iron, and measures fifty feet in height, and a hundred and forty feet in circumference; it daily prepares food for six thousand paupers."

As two city merchants were conversing together upon business, a flock of birds passed over their heads; upon which one of the traders exclaimed, "How happy those creatures are! they have no acceptances to pay."—"You are mistaken," exclaimed his friend, "they have their *bills* to provide for as well as we."

AMONG the addresses presented upon the accession of James I. was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the *sun, moon, and stars endured*. "Faith, mon," said the king to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son then must reign by *candle-light*."

THE town of Ulmea, on the borders of Lapland, is of considerable size, the streets being long and perfectly straight; it possesses this peculiarity, that the inhabitants all dine at one fixed hour; which they observe so rigidly, that a stranger entering the place at that time would suppose it visited by the plague, so totally has it the appearance of being deserted.

THE poet, Carpani, once asked his friend, Haydn, "How it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description?" To this, Haydn's answer was, "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts which I feel; when I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me, that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

A PERSON who was famous for arriving just at dinner time, upon going to a friend's, (where he was a frequent visitor,) was asked by the lady of the house if he would *do as they did*. On his replying he should be happy to have the pleasure, she replied, "*Dine at home, then*." He, of course, had received his *quietus* for some time at least.

AT the Chester Assizes, August, 1825, William Leighton, for picking pockets at Congleton, was sentenced to be transported for life. On sentence being passed, the prisoner, in the most audacious manner, called out to the Judge, and snapping his fingers, said, "I'll *toot* you, *hang or quits*."

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